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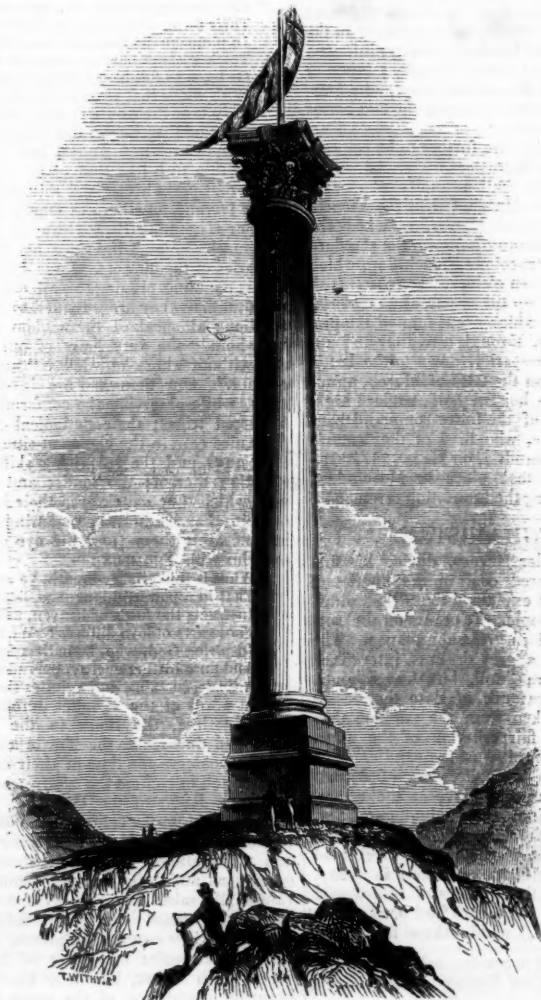
SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1842.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

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THE CLAYTON COLUMN, WEXFORD.



THE CLAYTON COLUMN.

THIS patriotic memorial of British valour has lately been erected by General Browne Clayton, on the rock of Carrick-a-Daggon, county of Wexford, Ireland. It is a facsimile of Pompey's Pillar, but not monolithic, (i. e. one stone): it is of granite, from the county of Carlow, and has a staircase in the shaft. Its dimensions are—height of base, 10 ft. 4 in.; shaft and base, 73 ft. 6½ in.; capital, 10 ft. 4½ in.; total height, 94 ft. 4 in.; diameter of shaft at the base, 8 ft. 11 in.; and at the top, 7 ft. 8 in. As it is placed a considerable height above the sea, it forms a conspicuous land-mark for mariners. The architect is Mr. Cobden.

This column is intended to commemorate the conquest of Egypt, and the events of the campaign under the command of Sir Ralph Abercromby, K.B., in the year 1801, when General Browne Clayton (then Lieutenant Colonel) commanded the 12th Light Dragoons, and afterwards commanded the cavalry in pursuit of the enemy to Grand Cairo; taking, besides other detachments, a convoy in the Lybian desert, composed of 600 French cavalry, infantry, and artillery, commanded by Colonel Cavalier; together with Buonaparte's celebrated Dromedary corps, one four-pounder, and one stand of colours, and capturing 300 horses and dromedaries, and 550 camels.

The events of this campaign are further to be commemorated, by the appointment of trustees under the will of General Browne Clayton, who shall annually at sunrise on the morning of the 21st of March, (when the French, under the command of General Menou, attacked the British encampment before Alexandria,) raise the standard on the column and hoist the tri-colour French flag, which shall remain until the hour of ten o'clock, when the British flag shall be hoisted and kept up till sunset, as a memorial of the defeat of the French; which event formed the prelude of Britannia's triumphs, through a regular and unbroken series of glory and prosperity, down to the battle of Waterloo, in 1815. And on the 28th of March, annually, the British flag shall be hoisted half-standard high, as a memorial of the death of the brave commander-in-chief, Sir Ralph Abercromby, who died of the wounds which he received before Alexandria, on March 21, 1801.

The first commemoration took place in March last, General Clayton superintending the interesting ceremony.*

COALS IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE lamented Sir Alexander Burnes, during his first visit to this country, discovered coal in the district of Cohat, under Peshawur, and explained its utility, much to the astonishment of the people. It occurs on the surface of one of the hills, and in great abundance. The specimens procured were of a greyish hue, intermixed with much sulphur. It burns well, but leaves much refuse. It has more the appearance of slate than coal; but as the specimens were taken from the surface, they were not to be viewed as a fair criterion of the mine. The coal is bituminous, and ignites at the candle. The villagers now use it as fuel. This discovery of a coal-mine at the head of the Indus, may prove of the utmost importance in these times, since the navigation of that river is open to Attock; and the mineral is found about thirty miles distant from that place, with a level road intervening, close to a large city where labour is cheap. It is a singular circumstance, that deposits of coal should have been discovered, both at the mouth and head of the Indus, (in Cutch and Cohat,) within these few years,

* For the loan of the prefixed engraving, acknowledgment is due to the Proprietor of the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

and since steam has been used in India. It is seldom that discoveries are so opportune; and seven years since, Sir Alexander Burnes trusted they augured favourably for the opening of a new route to commerce by the Indus. A.

THE POETRY OF BIRDS.

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."—Matthew vi. 26.

Of all the lovely and loveable objects wherewith God has seen fit to adorn and beautify creation, there are, perhaps, none, if we except flowers, so eminently calculated to fill the mind with pleasing thoughts, and to call up agreeable reflections, as are BIRDS,—those free winged wanderers of upper air; those haunters of the emerald meads in spring; those skimmers of the glassy pool or stream, that ripples in the golden light of summer's fervid beam; those—to use the words of JAMES MONTGOMERY:

"Free tenants of land, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burthen, close as fishes' scales,
Or loose as full-blown poppies on the gale;
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within them,
They bear their owners with such sweet enchantment."

From the mighty Eagle, that soars far above the summits of the snow-crowned Andes, and darts on his shrieking prey with a rush like that of an avalanche; to the little Wren that perks hither and thither amid the twisted sprays of the ivy and hawthorn in search of berries; or the still smaller Humming-Bird gleaming like a winged gem in the sunshine, and inserting his forked tongue into the nectaries of the flowers, whose bright hues are outshone by his dazzling plumage;—all are admirably adapted to the situations they are intended to occupy in the scale of creation: all speak of the wisdom and goodness of Him by whom "the very hairs of our head are numbered," and without whose knowledge "not a Sparrow falls to the ground." Our thoughts are involuntarily lifted up to Him, while observing the conformation and habits of the feathered tribes; their periodical comings and goings; their nice care in the choice of situation and material for their nests, and the surprising skill evinced in the construction thereof; the tender and unwearied diligence with which they watch over their helpless offspring; the sagacity they manifest in procuring them with food, and in concealing them from the eye of the destroyer. We exclaim with THOMSON:—

"What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven, and through their breasts
Those arts of love diffuses? What but God?
Inspiring God, who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole."

The words of the Prophet Jeremiah also recur to memory: "Yea, the Stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the Turtle and the Crane and the Swallow observe the time of their coming;" and we are constrained to confess the *omnipotence and omnipresence* of the Great Ruler of the Universe. How delightful is it to go abroad into the fields and the woodlands, and hearken to the feathered choristers, chanting their hymns of praise and thankfulness: the gloomy thoughts and cares which oppress us amid the crowded habitations of men, there vanish, like mists dispersed by the sunbeams; the heart becomes lightened of its heavy load, and we are ready to break forth into songs of gladness, and try if our voices will not harmonise with those of the happy Birds. An old English writer, but little known, has given a very beautiful description of the sweet jargoning—as COLE-

RIDGE calls it—with which one's ears are greeted when we wander forth to enjoy the vernal season:—

"As wooed by May's delights I have borne
To take the kind air of a wistful morn,
Near Tavy's voiceful stream, (to whom I owe
More strains than from my pipe can ever flow,
Here have I heard a sweet bird never lin (cease)
To chide the river for his clamorous din;
There seemed another in his song to tell
That what the fair stream said he liked well;
And going farther heard another, too,
All varying still in what the others do;
A little thence a fourth, with little pain,
Conned all their lessons and then sang again;
So numberless the songsters are that sing
In the sweet groves of the too careless spring,
That I no sooner could the hearing lose
Of one of them, but straight another rose,
And perching deftly on a quaking spray,
Nigh tired himself to make his hearers stay."

KIRBY, the Naturalist, observes: "Of all the endowments of Birds, none is more striking, and ministers more to the pleasure and delight of man, than the varied song. 'When the time of singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land,' who can be dead to the goodness which has provided for all such an unbought orchestra, tuning the soul not only to joy but to mutual good-will; reviving all the best and kindest feelings of our nature, and calming, at least for a time, those that harmonise less with the scene before us." It should have been mentioned that the preceding *poetical* quotation was from the pen of WILLIAM BROWNE, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*; the following, which we think still more beautiful, may be found in *Thomas à Becket*, a Dramatic Chronicle by GEORGE DARLEY:—

"O gentle breeze, what lyrist of the air
Tunes her soft chord with visionary hand
To make thy voice so dulcet? O ye boughs
Whispering with numerous lips your kisses close,
How sweet ye mingle secret words and sighs!
Doth not this nook grow warmer with the hum
Of fervent bees, blythe murmurers at their toil,—
Minstrels most bland? Here the calm cushat, perch'd
Within his pendulous arbour, plaintive woos
With restless love-call his ne'er-distant mate;
While changeful choirs do flit from tree to tree,
All various in their notes, yet chiming all
Involuntary, like the songs of cherubim.
O how by accident, apt as art, drops in
Each tone, to make the whole harmonical,
And when need were, thousands of wandering sounds
Though aimless, would with exquisite error sure
Fill up the diapason!—Pleasant din!
So fine, that even the cricket can be heard
Soft fluttering through the grass."

The realization of this picture is now before us: we feel ourselves sinking into a dreamy state of half-consciousness; we are floating away upon a sea of melody, with dulcet sounds in our ears, devotional thoughts in our hearts, and on our lips, the words of quaint old IZAAK WALTON:—"Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

LEIGH HUNT, in one of his delightful essays, speaks thus: "If our bed-room is to be perfect, it should face the east, to rouse us pleasantly with the morning sun; and in case we should be tempted, notwithstanding, to lie too long in so sweet a nest, there should be a happy family of birds at the windows to shower the springing heart with songs."

"The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:"

says SHAKESPEARE; and such an one must be he who could listen unmoved to the singing of birds; if the better feelings of our nature be not dead within him, and if his heart be not utterly steeled to all gentle influences and impressions, he will feel a gladness—a careless hilarity—come over him, like a sense of renovated youth; or, if his breast be more attuned to sorrow, that sorrow will be softened, its poignancy will be taken away, and a pleasing, though melancholy feeling,—that which Ossian calls "the joy of grief," will be substituted; and, though his eyes be filled with tears, and his bosom heave with sighs, it is but like the subsiding of the ocean-waves after a tempest, into a state of serenity; for the sweet melody will seem like the voices of angels, whispering words of comfort and consolation to his troubled spirit. MILTON, in his description of the Garden of Eden, tells us that there the tuneful "birds their choir apply;" and we find in most pictures drawn of a place of eternal rest,—those glimpses of a far-off land, that we poor journeyers through this vale of mortality delight to behold, though but in fancy—that the feathered warblers are supposed to contribute to the beauty and harmony which reign there for ever, dimmed by no shadow, marred by no discordant note! The COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, lamenting her brother, SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, whom she believes to be in Elysium, says:

"There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night;
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in angel-like delight."

Nor can there be a stronger proof of the pleasant—nay, ecstatic and holy—feelings connected with the melody of birds, than this universal application of it to increase the joys of the blessed.

(To be continued.)

The Armourer of Paris.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. X.—How Isabelle and D'Armagnac met the King at Bourdichon's house during the revolt.

UPON recognising the voice of Perinet above the confusion of the revolt, Dame Bourdichon was not slow in opening the door; for the increasing uproar, the clang of arms, the sounds of the alarm-bells, the glare of the conflagrations, and her own unaided situation, had all conspired to paralyse her usual energies. As she drew back the panel, the armourer entered, pale from loss of blood, which was flowing from a cut on the forehead, received by chance as he threaded the streets, staggering beneath the weight of Isabelle, who accompanied him, half carried, half dragged, after him.

"You are safe here, madame, at least," he exclaimed in breathless accents, as they crossed the threshold, to the trembling Queen. "The Hotel St. Paul is crumbling beneath the flames, and, at present, we can find no other refuge."

"But they will return," replied the Queen, looking anxiously round as she parted her long dark tresses from her forehead. "They will find me here, and I shall become their victim."

"Rest assured," continued the armourer, "that you are in safety. They are falling by hundreds, or flying before our troops."

"What a fearful night!" exclaimed Isabelle, placing her hand before her eyes, as if to shut out the bright red light that streamed into the room. "Leave me not here alone, Perinet, I implore you."

"You have nought to fear, madame," answered the

armourer. "Your own party know of your retreat, and will come here to join you. But for me—I can stay here no longer; a solemn vow binds me, and I must depart."

"And D'Armagnac?" cried the Queen.

"It is the Constable, madam, that I am seeking; we have an old account to settle," replied Perinet, with bitterness. Then, passing through the panel, he left the apartment, leaving Isabelle with Dame Bourdichon and the King, who still remained unconscious of the passing events, crouched beneath his mantle, in the corner of the spacious chimney.

As Perinet departed, the fright of the dame returned, and she would have called him back, had not Isabelle requested her to be silent; reminding her, at the same time, that her cries would direct others towards the house, whose presence would not be so desirable. Her caution even extended to putting out the lamp, lest it should be seen from the street, and trusting only to the fitful gleams of the burning Hotel St. Paul for light.

"Is this shop the only apartment in the house that looks into the street?" asked the Queen.

"There is my chamber above it, madame," was the reply of the dame.

"Take your station, then, at the window," said Isabelle; "and if you see any troops pass, crying the pass-word of Burgundy, call them in immediately. We shall then be surrounded by our friends."

The woman left the shop, to ascend to her own apartment, leaving Isabelle in perfect darkness, broken only, as we have observed, by occasional flashes of light from the conflagration. The tumult of the combat had died away; the street no longer resounded with the cries of the soldiery, and the din of weapons; but an impressive and awful stillness supervened, occasionally interrupted by a distant murmur, which, again dying away, served only to render the silence more fearful. Unconscious of her husband's presence, the Queen retired to the embayment of the window, and gathering her rich mantle, now torn and soiled, closely round her, appeared lost in her own reflections. In her present position, the calm that now reigned was more harassing than the excitement of the tumult; and yet, in this quietude, every eye in the large city was awake, and every ear was vigilant for catching the least sound.

She had been plunged in this reverie for about a quarter of an hour, when an approaching confusion once more recalled her to a sense of her dangerous position. Shouts and cries of alarm, with the clamour as of an irritated multitude, rose from the street. Now the riot approached—it was immediately under the window; and the torches borne by the crowd lighted up the shop as they passed. They pressed on, and the light became less vivid, and the noise more distant; it was evident from their speed that they were pursuing some object of importance.

Suddenly, the Queen heard footsteps in the passage. It was evident they arose from a single individual, who moved with difficulty. Then the panel was opened, and some one entered the apartment, breathing hard and audibly, as if with pain. The stranger approached the spot where the Queen rested, and feeling about in the obscurity, placed his hand upon her very chair, when Isabelle rose hurriedly.

"There is some one here," cried the intruder, as the Queen started up. "Who art thou? Answer."

But Isabelle spoke not. She recognised the voice of the Constable, and fear had deprived her of utterance.

"Answer me," continued D'Armagnac, for it was he, seizing her arm. "You shall not leave until you have replied. You are not the woman I left here, for she was old and wrinkled; but you are young; your flesh is soft,

and your skin fine and delicate. Why do you fear to be recognised?"

He paused for an answer, but in vain. The trembling Isabelle still remained silent.

An involuntary expression of surprise burst from D'Armagnac, as he passed his hand over the Queen's head and neck.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "what have we here? Gold—jewels—a coronet! Isabelle! you are unknown no longer!"

"D'Armagnac," faltered the Queen, now that she saw all concealment was useless, "you have discovered my retreat, but I am not yet your prisoner."

"Neither am I in your power," returned the Constable. "We are alone—we are each expecting aid and succour. To whomsoever it arrives first will be the victory."

"L'Isle Adam! Graville!" cried the queen, anxiously. "Where are ye?"

"They forget you, Isabelle," returned D'Armagnac, with bitterness. "They have but their own safety to care for, and you are but a cipher in their stratagems."

"They are coming!" exclaimed Isabelle, joyously, as a noise was heard in the street, amidst which the war-cry of Burgundy was plainly to be distinguished.

"Let them hasten, then," replied the Constable, as another cry of D'Armagnac sounded from the outside of the building. "They must be speedy, or they will not be here first. Listen, Isabelle! do you not hear my name pronounced?"

"Tis a vain hope," returned the queen, after an instant of attention. "Your partisans are already silent. Again—'Vive Bourgogne!' 'tis the only name they will cry to-night."

"The King, who had to this moment remained in the same fixed attitude at the hearth, lifted up his head at the Queen's mention of the name of Burgundy, and assumed an attitude of attention.

"To-morrow," cried the Constable, "there will be but one cry in the city—it will be 'Vive D'Armagnac!'"

He had scarcely spoken when the King sprang from his seat, and rushed towards them, exclaiming—

"And who will cry, 'Vive la France!'"

The Queen and the Constable started with surprise and terror at the unexpected apparition of the unfortunate monarch, for they immediately recognised him.

"Ay, France!" continued Charles, speaking with an emphasis which he had long since lost. "Is there not, in this unhappy kingdom, but one old man, helpless and insane, who thinks of her? Always 'Armagnac' or 'Burgundy,' and nothing for our fair France, although her best blood is flowing like water to feed their enmity."

"Merciful powers!" cried the Queen, half bewildered, "how came he here?"

"They have spilt this blood in their quarrels," continued the King, wildly, "whilst I alone must render an account to God for it,—I, who carry neither the white nor red cross upon my shoulders. Armagnac! I demanded aid and protection for my people—I placed my kingdom in your hands to do this: how have you accomplished it?"

"Let her reply, sire," answered the Constable with emphasis; let her reply who gave up your kingdom to a stranger.

"And yet she swore to defend it!" exclaimed the King.

There was something in the manner of the unhappy Charles, that awed both parties. It was long since he had spoken with the force and semblance of reason, and the Queen shrank before his reproaches.

"I could not defend it, sire," she replied. "Was I not driven from France by the Constable's order?"

"It is true—too true," returned the King; "I have

known nothing but hatred and treachery from all quarters. Upon whom shall I cast my malediction?"

"Ask him who drove me from you," cried the Queen.

"Ask the *mistress* of the Chevalier Bourdon," added the Constable.

"He wished to crush me for a crime he could not prove," continued Isabelle.

"And you sought to justify yourself by fire and sword," retorted the King. "Isabelle! did you think that I should be always mad? Did you never tremble at the idea that a ray of sense might one day break in upon me?"

"You reply not, madame," said the Constable; "the King waits for your answer."

"Isabelle!" continued Charles, vehemently, "you have dishonoured my old age—shame and disgrace be yours for so doing. You have betrayed the kingdom—you have delivered up my crown into the hands of a traitor—eternal torments be your reward. I curse you, I spurn you from my presence as I would a serpent."

"My lord!" cried the agonised woman, "you know not what you say. I am innocent."

"You are guilty," replied the King sternly, "and the punishment of your crimes awaits you. I have pronounced your doom."

"And who will dare to execute your orders, whatever they may be?" demanded the Queen, recalling her fortitude by a violent effort.

"One who has never betrayed his master, and who will be still faithful to him," interposed the Constable.

"You would not assassinate me?" exclaimed the Queen.

"I would obey my master," coldly returned D'Armagnac.

"No!" cried Isabelle, falling on her knees, and clinging to the King's robe; "this must not be, my lord, you will retract these fearful words; you will not thus condemn a woman who sues for pardon; for I am alone and defenceless. If I am guilty, my lord, deliver me over to the peers of my kingdom; but kill me not without a trial—it would be murder."

"At my feet, Isabelle!" observed the King, apparently heedless of her appeal; "it is long since you have thus acted."

"My liege!" continued the Queen, in hurried accents, "whatever you may deem me now, you once loved me. You cannot spurn me from you when I thus supplicate for mercy."

"Sire!" exclaimed D'Armagnac, "she used these begging accents, when she asked the guardianship of Vincennes for the Chevalier Bourdon."

As the Constable pronounced the name, Isabelle rose from her kneeling posture, and fixing her gaze stedfastly on him, continued, "It was an act of honour and trust well kept, to murder that young man at the Châtelet." Then turning to the King she added: "Enough blood has been already spilt—must mine still be added to the stream? But, if it is your will—I submit: you, alone, will answer to Heaven for the shedding of it; and another phantom, in place of the one you dread, will be always at your side."

The Queen had well chosen her words. At the bare mention of the phantom, which had first caused the madness of the king, and which haunted him ever afterwards, he uttered a wild cry and clung to D'Armagnac for safety, ejaculating, as he pointed at some imaginary object: "See, he is there! he comes towards me. I can feel his cold breath upon my face, and I have not the power to thrust him from me!"

"Monsieur," exclaimed D'Armagnac, "there is no spectre here. Recall your reason, I beseech you—collect yourself, or all will yet be lost."

But the Queen saw the advantageous position her allusion to the phantom had gained for her, and she continued,

"Now tell the Constable to kill me, sire. I am prepared to die, but to-morrow I shall again be with you,—at your council—in your court: at your festive banquet, or lonely midnight watching, I shall be ever at your side."

"No, no," returned the King, "it must not be."

"You would not retract your sentence, sire?" said the Constable. "Is she not guilty? and have you not pronounced her condemnation?"

Before the King could reply, a wild uproar broke the silence, which came nearer and nearer, until the streets re-echoed with its tumult. Rushing to the window, the Constable tore down the shutters and looked into the street. A thousand men-at-arms were hurrying along its narrow thoroughfare, and the cries of "*Vive la Reine*," raised by innumerable voices, were the only ones heard amidst the confusion. The Queen caught the sounds, and seizing the Constable by the arm, as she drew him from the window, exclaimed: "At length they have arrived. Now, D'Armagnac, our long struggle shall be speedily settled. Even now, you would have murdered me. Blood shall still flow to end the strife, but it will be your own."

ALBERT.

A CIRCASSIAN LOVELEAF.

TEHOROOK Oglu Tougouse, or "the Wolf," was a good model of the Circassian *preux chevalier*, altogether *sans peur*, if not *sans reproche*. Whatever enterprise was in hand, were it foray, onslaught, or ambuscade, he, for one, might be depended upon; if wrongs were to be redressed, individual, provincial, or natural, Tougouse was invariably the champion. When certain of the Caucasian provinces had separate terms with Russia, he was the first, by his successful inroads, to make them repent of their apostasy. His name had spread even as far as the Ingouches, whose children "the Wolf" had more than once carried off from them. Such celebrity in a man, yet scarcely in his prime, had produced its natural effects on the ladies of the Caucasus; and he had more claims on his heart than even the Mohammedan dispensation, indulgent as it is, could allow him to do justice to. The consequence was, that his decided disposition to please led him into many scrapes; and the fines he had drawn on himself and his tribe would, if they had all been duly paid, have stocked half the estates in Natakutch with horned cattle.

The only remedy for these disorders was that he should take to himself a wife or two; and as the ample patrimony he inherited no longer sufficed for it, the purchase-money was cheerfully, from motives of economy, contributed by his tribe. He accordingly married two wives: the first the most beautiful, and the second the most accomplished woman in Circassia. His success in the courtship of the former created no surprise: beauty and bravery have mutual attractions all over the world, the one being held to be the legitimate meed of the other. But that Guavcha, the discreet and stately daughter of Indar Oglu, should throw herself away on such a scapegrace as Tougouse, did excite the special wonder, and the no small indignation of her tribe and family. The hand of a princess possessing the manual dexterity of Guavcha—unrivalled in the works of the loom and needle—had been eagerly sought by the wisest and wealthiest nobles of the land. But wealth and wisdom seemed to make but little impression on her; and the fastidious princess, conscious, perhaps, that her charms were of a durable nature, was in no haste to make a selection. But her mind was at length made up, and that somewhat suddenly; being one morning nowhere to be found in the paternal dominions of Pchat, having been transferred by moonlight on the

crupper of his steed to the harem of Tougouse, at Tedjagwz.

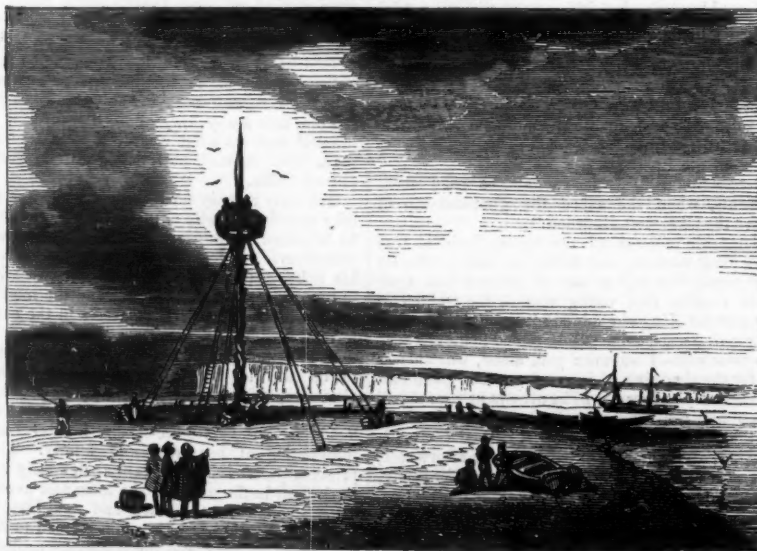
To portray the person and equipment of this barbarous Lovelace, (a very appropriate name by the way for a Circassian gallant, who is garnished all over with silver trimmings,) baffles powers of description. As far as the habiliments are concerned, it would be impossible to convey any definite idea, for the simple reason that they were never for two days the same. In casque, mail, and gloves of steel, gallantly armed, at one time; at another he was undefended, not only against the enemy, but even against the weather, by a threadbare tunic; now girt with bow and quiver, and now bustling with rifle, dagger, and pistol. At one moment, clad in a gay silk anteri, and a coat resplendent with the silver lace aforesaid; the next he was covered with rags. To-day he would meet you on a superb white charger, richly caparisoned; to-morrow you would see him worse mounted than the Knight of the Rueful Countenance himself. Now all these transmutations, which a stranger might unjustly charge to caprice, were in the eyes of the admiring Dely Canns but so many proofs of a brave and liberal spirit. Accoutrements, arms, horses, and slaves themselves, are things which such a hero is proud to part with, for it is presumed to be a proof that his valour can easily replace them.

But though in his outward man such a Proteus, there were qualities about Tougouse which he could not change with his coat. For example, however he might be dressed, he never stood less than six feet three inches in his shoes; and whether in shirt of steel or of Bez, the formidable play of his muscles was the same. Indeed, with regard to the latter, being much addicted to frolics and practical jokes, such as flooring, unhorsing, and riding down his companions, the vigour they exhibited was by many of them deemed even superfluous; whence it was said that

the only fit play-fellow for Tougouse was his horse, a saying in great measure justified by the terms on which they lived, taking liberties with each other, which none but the most intimate friends would venture upon.

In an action of the most gallant description, however, Tougouse shared the credit jointly with Djanboulat. In their march from Gheloujek to Pchat, the Russians had reached a part of the valley presenting a favourable opportunity of attack to their enemies—one which was not neglected by them; a shower of bullets, mixed with "the arrowy sleet of iron war," rained upon them from the woods on both their flanks. Their only resource, that of most people when caught in a shower, was to run for it. The forces of the Circassians were, of course, divided, being scattered along the declivities on both sides, and having the enemy and the valley, through which his columns were hastily defiling, between them. The sole plan of the chiefs, on such occasions, is to make the most of their 'vantage ground. It was therefore with much chagrin, that those who were on the left side of the Russians perceived that a post which presented the best opportunity of annoying them, had been left wholly unoccupied on the right. As all communication with the opposite bank was temporarily cut off, there appeared to be no remedy.

In this emergency, Djanboulat, pointing to the valley with its glittering stream of bayonets below, asked if there was any body who dared to cross it with him. The challenge was at once accepted by Tougouse; and the two chieftains, having led their horses down the hill-side, in the covert of the trees, were soon mounted and prepared for the enterprise. It was the affair of a minute—even in less time, they had raised their battle-cry, and cut themselves a passage, to be traced, like that of the thunderbolt, only by the havoc they had left behind them.—*Selected and abridged from "A Year in Circassia."*



THE REFUGE BEACON ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.

We are indebted for the following illustrated description of an important invention to the *Sea Pie*, No. I, illustrated by A. Crowquill, a miscellany of fact and fiction, "with scraps to suit all hands." The spirit of the

work is nautical humour; the cuts are clever, and this No. contains, *inter alia*, an original Ballad, by Clare, and a smart story, "Jack the Painter," by the Editor.)

The great loss of life annually occurring on our eastern

coasts, is universally known; and the Goodwin Sands, in particular, being situate at the very portal through which passes the most active commerce in the world, are the scene of the most frequent and fatal shipwrecks. There is no other spot, perhaps, on the face of the earth so well known for its dangers, or so much dreaded by seamen. Nor are its terrors diminished by popular opinion; on the contrary, it is commonly believed that the Goodwin Sands swallow up and engulf, irrecoverably, whatever is thrown upon them.

In the autumn of 1840, Captain Bullock, R.N., of H.M.S. Fearless, succeeded in erecting a Beacon upon this perilous point, remarkable for its simplicity—a mast, with a gallery capable of holding thirty persons, standing in the midst of the waves, with a frightful surf often foaming around it.

This Beacon has now sustained, without injury, the violence of two most tempestuous winters.

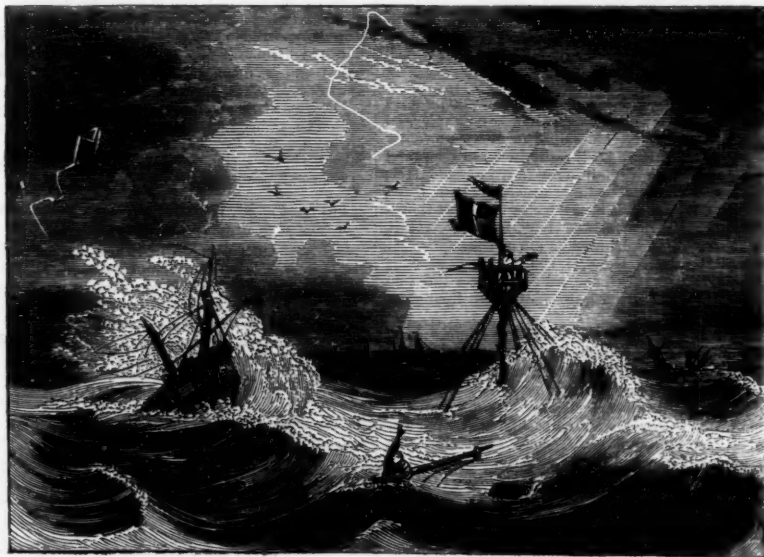
The origin of the invention may be thus described:—In carrying on the survey of the Thames, it was found expedient, as the work proceeded seawards, and the receding landmarks grew indistinct, to erect fixed marks on the different sands. The first of them was nothing more than an iron bar driven into the sand, with a flag-staff affixed to it. This stood but a tide or two, and was succeeded by various modifications of the same simple plan, stays being added to support the shaft: but in vain; the marks erected in this manner all yielded to the first gale of wind. It then appeared that some foundation was wanted to enable them to resist the force of the waves. To remedy this defect, the bar was fixed in a broad cross of wood, from the extremities of which chains were attached to the staff, and, after many trials, success was attained by this means.

The Safety Beacon, now standing upon the Goodwin Sands, may be thus described:—The shaft or mast, forty feet in height and twelve inches in diameter, is sunk into the sand, through a strong frame of oak, in the form of a cross, firmly secured by four long bars of iron, and laden with several tons of ballast, chalk, &c. The mast is also

sustained by eight chain shrouds, in pairs, and attached to iron piles, seventeen feet long, which are driven close down into the sand, and are backed by mushroom anchors, to prevent their coming home, or towards the mast. On the shaft is fitted an octagon gallery, capable of holding thirty or forty people, and never less than sixteen feet above high-water mark; beneath the gallery there is temporary safety for twenty persons more. The mast is also fitted with a light topmast, on which a blue flag, (always at hand,) can be hoisted, when aid is required from the shore, but which is kept struck, or down, to give the whole an appearance of a wreck, thus answering the double purpose of a Beacon or Warning and a Place of Refuge. Directions are given in eight languages; and bread and water, with a small supply of spirits, are left upon the Beacon, properly protected from the weather. To the Beacon is also appended a chain-ladder of easy ascent, as well as cleats to the mast, and a large basket-chair is kept in readiness, with ropes and blocks, to succour the exhausted.

It ought to be observed, that the Goodwin Sands are, to a great extent, *dry* at low water, and as vessels which strike on them seldom go to pieces in a single tide, the probability is, that some of the wrecked crew would be enabled to reach the sand during that interval, and the Safety Beacon would then become their only refuge. It would be needless to recount the many instances of disastrous shipwrecks which are upon record; but it is well authenticated, that numbers have reached the sands in safety, who were afterwards swept away by the returning tide before assistance could be rendered them. It is obvious that the essential principle of this Beacon is, that it rests upon a base not easily broken or displaced, and that the mast, with its gallery—the only superstructure—offers little or no resistance either to the wind or waves, so that its strength lies in its simplicity.

If it be objected, that there is nothing in its mode of construction which holds out a promise of perpetuity, the answer is, that it can be replaced at a trifling expense.



EVERY-DAY LIFE OF JAMES SMITH.

(From his Comic Miscellanies.)

LET me enlighten you, as to the general disposal of my time. I breakfast at nine, with a mind undisturbed by matters of business; I then write to you, or to some editor, and then read till three o'clock. I then walk to the Union Club, read the journals, hear Lord John Russell deified or diabolized, (that word is not a bad coinage), do the same with Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and then join a knot of conversationists, by the fire, till six o'clock, consisting of lawyers, merchants, members of parliament, and gentlemen at large. We then and there discuss the 3 per cent. consols, (some of us preferring Dutch 2½ per cent.) and speculate upon the probable size, shape, and cost of the New Exchange. If Lady Harrington happen to drive past our own window in her landau, we compare her equipage to the Algerine Ambassador; and when politics happen to be discussed, rally Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives, alternately, but never seriously, such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony. At six the room begins to be deserted; wherefore I adjourn to the dining-room, and gravely looking over the bill of fare, exclaim to the waiter, "Haunch of mutton and apple tarts." These viands despatched, with the accompanying liquids and water, I mount upward to the library; take a book and my seat in the arm chair, and read till nine. Then call for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, resume my book till eleven, afterwards return home to bed. If I have any book here, which particularly excites my attention, I place my lamp on a table by my bed-side, and read in bed until twelve. No danger of ignition, my lamp being quite safe, and my curtains moreen. Thus ends this strange eventful history, &c.

I dined yesterday with E. L. Bulwer, at his new residence in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, a splendidly and classically fitted up mansion. One of the drawing-rooms is a facsimile of a chamber which our host visited at Pompeii. Vases, candelabra, chairs, tables to correspond. He lighted a perfumed pastille modelled from Vesuvius. As soon as the cone of the mountain began to blaze, I found myself an inhabitant of the devoted city; and as Pliny the elder, thus addressed Bulwer, my supposed nephew—"Our fate is accomplished, nephew! Hand me yonder volume! I shall die as a student in my vocation. Do you then hasten to take refuge on board the fleet at Misenum; yonder cloud of hot ashes chides thy longer delay. Feel no alarm for me—I shall live in story. The author of *Pelham* will rescue my name from oblivion." Pliny the younger made me a low bow, &c.

When George the Third was perplexed by any intrigue at Windsor Castle, he used to say—"Well, I'll go and ask Lady Harrington; she is sure to tell me the truth."

I dined on Saturday with —. The gorgeous pictures did not of course please me, who am above characterised as disliking gaudy and showy colours. The M. P. presently remarked, that such furniture is all right in an old baronial hall, but to encounter it in a small house in a London street, is too startling a transition. The inner drawing-room, fitted up from a model at Pompeii, is in more classical, and therefore in better taste. Here are busts of Hebe, Laura, Petrarch, Dante, and other worthies. Laura like our Queen, &c.

I don't fancy *Painters*. General Phipps used to have them much at his table. He once asked me if I liked to meet them. I answered, No! I know nothing in their way, and they know nothing out of it.

This culinary lunge reminds me of an anecdote. Lord Hertford, Croker, and myself, were at an exhibition of pictures: one of them, a domestic scene, I think by Mulready, represented a husband carving a boiled leg of mutton. The orifice displayed the meat red and raw, and the husband was looking at his wife, with a countenance of anger and disappointment. "That fellow is a fool," said Lord Hertford, "he does not see what an excellent *broil* he may have."

Dr. Paris has just been with me. Pulse languid. He has prescribed a tonic: he talked of the folly of patients prescribing for themselves, and quoted a fable of Camerarius. An ass laden with salt was crossing a brook. The water diluted the salt and lightened the burden. He communicated his disco-

very to a brother donkey laden with wool. The latter tried the same experiment, and found his load double his weight.

Our dinner party yesterday at H——s chambers was very lively. Mrs. — was dressed in pink, with a black lace veil. Her hair smoothed, with a knot behind, and a string of small pearls across her forehead. H—— was the lion of the dinner table, whereupon I, like Addison, did maintain my dignity by a stiff silence. An opportunity for a bon mot, however, occurred, which I had not virtue sufficient to resist. Lord L—— mentioned that an old lady, an acquaintance of his, kept her books in detached bookcases, the male authors in one, and the female in another. I said, I suppose her reasons were, she did not wish to increase her library.

We once had a dinner party at Mathews's, Young the actor making one; I observed how odd it was that the great satirist of Rome should be *Juvenal*, and the great satirist of England, should be *Young*. Yes, said Hook, and there is a man at table who is *Young* and not *Juvenile*. This of course overstepped my conceit, and set the table in a roar, &c.

Did I ever tell you of Lord Essex keeping a portrait of a lady in his bed-room, always covered by a curtain of green silk? On one of my visits to Cashiobury, when the family were at church, I stole into that apartment and laid bare the mystery. Nothing equal to it in the Mysteries of Udolpho. I met at a dinner party yesterday, the intimate friend of the late Lady Essex. That lady, a few days before her death, made my informant read to her all the love letters written to her in the days of courtship by her subsequently alienated lord. What a mournful retrospect! I knew her a few years before their separation. Good-humoured, fat, elderly, and deaf. I remember their joint portraits in the exhibition. Sic transit gloria amoris.

I have found out a blunder in Shakespeare! Hamlet writes to Ophelia thus:

Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the earth doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

He means to state a series of self-evident propositions. But to doubt the truth to be a liar is the very reverse of this. He should have said, 'Believe truth to be a liar.' This may possibly have been hit on by some of the commentators, but I am not aware of it.*

Did I tell you of a pun of mine upon — who since the obtaining his pension, has ceased to write, viz. that he was a *pen-shunner*. Not so very bad: tell this to your husband. Count D'Orsay called on me yesterday. The mixture of gaiety and good sense in his conversation, makes him always most acceptable to me, &c.

Dignum made an odd mistake one night at supper at Vauxhall. One of the party, enlivened by arrack, gave the following toast: 'A speedy death to all who hate us.' Dignum filled his glass, and exclaimed. 'With all my heart—a speedy death to all the waiters.'

SLAVERY. AN IMPROMPTU, WRITTEN AT GORE HOUSE.

Mild Wilberforce, by all belov'd,
Once owned this hallow'd spot;
Whose zealous eloquence improv'd
The fetter'd Negro's lot.
Yet here still Slavery attacks
Whom Blessington invites;
The chains from which he freed the Blacks,
She fastens on the Whites.

TO AN ACTOR.

I venture this advice to U:
On entering O P, mind your Q.
Strive to K L, or men of spirit
Will quickly W in merit.
If these my hints are rightly prized,
You'll on your shoulders keep A Y Z.

* We doubt the correctness of this criticism.—ED.

WRITTEN ON MR. KEMBLE'S DOUBLE WINDOW IN
RUSSELL STREET.

Rheumatic pains make Kemble halt,
He, fretting in amazement,
To counteract the dire assault,
Erects a double casement.

Ah! who from fell disease can run?
With added ills he's troubled;
For when the glazier's task is done,
He finds his *Panes* are doubled.

New Books.

THE COTTAGER'S SABBATH; A POEM. BY SAMUEL
MULLEN.

THE author of this poem states, that it has been his principal object to delineate the simple manners of cottage life as it is still to be found in some of the rural districts of England; that the incidents and characters introduced are copied with the closest fidelity from real life; and concludes with remarking that,—"if there be one thing more than another connected with this subject, on which I feel proud, it is the happiness of living in a country where so many men are found who embody in their lives the soundest practical morality, with the most exalted, yet unpretending piety. To those who recognise the inseparable connexion between virtue and peace, I leave the fate of the *Cottager's Sabbath*."

The poem is in four cantos composed in the Spenserian stanza, in the construction of which Mr. Mullen displays peculiar aptitude. There is a general ease and mellifluousness throughout, reminding us more frequently in this respect of Beattie's *Minstrel* than of Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*. There is seldom a forced or strained word or line introduced, for the sake of the rhyme or filling up the verse. We sometimes, however, are made sensible of a want of force and vigour, as well as of variety in the cadence, and hence an apparent languor and even tediousness. But this remark must be understood as applicable chiefly or solely to the outward form of the poem, any defects in which are well retrieved by the substance—the incidents and descriptions; which now-a-days constitute about the only thing to be regarded by the critic.

We think Mr. Mullen particularly happy, not only in his delineation of the incidents and manner of cottage life, and in the characters which he has selected, but fortunate also in the localities into which he has been thrown, if, as he says, his pictures are closely copied from reality; it has been our lot too to have known something of English rural life, more particularly as it is exhibited in some of the midland, the eastern, and southern, districts of England; but we confess, and with the deepest sorrow, that we have not recognised, there at least, a correspondence with "the sound practical morality, the exalted and unpretending piety," which this poem so beautifully depicts. We do not say it does not exist; but for its counterpart we must probably go more northward, or westward, or perhaps better than all into the "north country." Indeed, the scene of the poem lies, as we are given to understand from the fifty-first stanza of the second canto, in an open part of Sherwood forest in Nottinghamshire; but even here, we think Mr. Mullen will find a considerable change in respect to the simplicity and piety of the inhabitants, from what they were at the period to which he alludes, namely, during the peninsular war. We are far from denying that there may still be found many families among the rural population of our country, who may be said to have sat for the picture; but still we affirm that it is too flat-

tering a portraiture,—yes, unfortunately, much too flattering, to be taken as a type of the general mass. The vignettes in this work are for the most part remarkably pleasing and well executed.

The poem is chiefly descriptive, without much sentiment or striking thought that indicate the higher gifts of poetry, as in Burns or Cowper. Yet the author evidently writes from the heart, enters into the feelings, and prejudices, and piety of the cottager, and hence we meet with several passages of remarkable tenderness and pathos; and from personal knowledge, we should say even from his youth, he is enabled faithfully to describe the manners and habits, the exterior phases of character, as well as the localities, the houses, the furniture, the clothes, and even the minutest peculiarities, touching these, of the British peasant.

The poem opens with a description of the cottage and its appurtenances, given with a fidelity so exact that we could verify almost every particular in one or two of our old acquaintance. Attached thereto, were "two little fields of twice five acres." All these are now the Cotter's own, though there was a time when he was not so thrifty as at present. What gave rise to this happy change to frugality was a fit of sickness, when he was destined, like Timon of old, to learn a little of the world and its ingratitude, more particularly on the part of those from whom he naturally least expected it:

"A fit of sickness taught him to reflect,
And made him feel the curse of being poor,
For those he'd helped now blamed him for neglect,
And wonder'd one like him should aid from them expect,"
Cant. 1st, St. 11.

From this time forward he resolved, therefore, to provide against the casualties of the future. In "the first five years, twice twenty pounds he saved." His wife too was truly a "help meet for him." Their family consisted of "four healthy boys and two fine girls." One Sabbath morning, the father takes his two youngest boys to the top of an adjacent hill to behold the rising sun, in order that he may seize the opportunity to expel from their minds some absurd legendary notions they had imbibed from their village playmates, about that luminary's "once a-year dancing in the sky." The incidents that transpired and the conversation held during this journey to and fro, savour somewhat more than is pleasant of the knowledge-diffusing cant; still, we are convinced thereby that he is a very worthy and pains-taking parent, much more so indeed, than we should conceive the generality of his brethren of the same class to be. Here we may suitably introduce our poet's beautiful description of the rising sun:

"Majestic, slow, the red round sun arose,
Unlike aught earthly!—simple!—grand!—divine!
His Maker's image fashioned to disclose,
To spread through Time truth's everlasting line;
Of God unseen the bright transparent sign!
Then nature breathed more freely than before,
The dewy earth threw incense on his shrine,
The solemn trees a look of gladness wore,
And songs of laughing flowers each passing zephyr bore."

The boys looked for some time in hopes of seeing a solar gallopade: at length, getting impatient, they both at once gave vent to an exclamation in which wonder, negation, and inquiry were equally blended: "The sun does never dance!" This was just what their father was waiting for, as it gave him occasion to interpose with an explanation of the phenomena of the universe, exhibiting we should say, a more intimate acquaintance with astronomy, than most people in his rank of life possess, except perhaps in Scotland. All this seems rather too Pestalozzian to be agreeable to nature or probability. The lecture

finished, the party return by a different route. They pass in the way a "proud baronial hall," and the boys wish it was theirs with its park and all its appurtenances; a wish which the good man seeks to check by another homily on the necessity of humble contentedness, enforcing his precepts by allusion to Alexander's weeping because he had no more worlds to conquer. At this the boys wondered, as well they might; and then the father again moralises after the old-fashioned strain, but not the less according to truth:

"Not in the glare and glitter of great wealth,
Nor that which wealth produces, pomp and state,
Nor yet in power conferred or got by stealth,
Nor yet in fame or rank, however great,
Hath God confined the bliss of man's estate;
All these possessed, can never give repose,
Or charm the stinging conscience to abate
The dreadful stripes she evermore bestows
Upon the guilty soul with still increasing woes.
All true enjoyment lies in man's own mind,
Depending not on pomp or outward things;
A lowly heart by heavenly grace refined,
Unceasing joy to its possessor brings,
And o'er his life unclouded sunlight flings;
Unruly passions banished from the breast,
With patient faith he bears the ill which clings
To human life, believing God knows best,
Submissive to his will, and with his fear imprest."

Cant. 1st, Sts. 39, 40.

The author appears a staunch advocate for the observance of the Sabbath, according to the rigid northern notions of it; at least, so we feel compelled to gather from several passages, if indeed he be not a non-intrusionist, as we are led to suppose from his dislike of "patrons vile" (see canto 2nd, stanza 29). We quite agree with him, nevertheless, in regard to the vexatious extent to which the practice of stopping the foot-paths across the fields has been carried of late years, without any regard to the convenience of the public, or the poor, or the right established by long usage.

The most interesting object described as belonging to the interior of the cottage, is the grandmother of the family. She is a truly pious widow of the old school, and holds a conspicuous place throughout. And there is scarcely any thing to be more admired in the poem, than the keeping with which this character is constantly held up to our notice. We fear that the list of physical comforts appertaining to the English cottager of the present day, has been greatly overstated, as given in several consecutive stanzas in the opening of the second canto. Neither do we think there are many, if any, families now-a-days, that make a practice of exhibiting their devotional feelings in the manner described from the 21st to the 25th stanza. Whereas, the author's delineation of the village-green, as well as of the business gone through at the Sunday-school, and also of its inmates, is peculiarly faithful and graphic. So also are the church-scene, and the memorials of the dead. The account of the clergyman's loss is singularly touching:

"But one small tablet, near the pulpit placed,
Seemed more attractive far than all the rest;
Its mournful tale was not in letters traced,
But shadow'd forth in emblems which imprest,
With lasting force, their image in the breast:
Fixed on a slab of coal-black marble, lay
A thin white branch with three fair rose-buds blest,
From which, the first in youthful beauty gay,
A sickle's slender edge had partly lopped away.
This told the parson's story. He, poor man!
Long years before, a widower was made!
With three young daughters, in whose veins there ran
The same disease, that on their mother preyed;

By which he knew too well they all would fade:
And yet at times their youthful spirits rose
To such a height as they around him play'd,
That he forgot, what time would yet disclose,
Until some faint slight sign unloosed his secret woes.

Often when he gazed with passionate delight
On those fair forms, just ripening into life,
Some turn would bring their mother to his sight,
And wake afresh the agony and strife
He first endured when parting from his wife;
And then his eyes with sudden tears grew dim,
His boding heart with dismal fancies rife,
While ghastly forms before him seem'd to swim,
A sickness seized his heart and paralysed each limb.

Yet still he strove to banish from his mind
The fearful thought that all his girls must die;
With ceaseless care he ever sought to find
Some cheerful scheme, to which they might apply,
And make old Time with lighter wings go by:
Now in the fields he'd stray with them for hours,
Now in the woods to catch the birds they'd try;
Then in their little garden, gathering flowers,
With which, with fairy hands, they decked their tiny bowers.

And thus they grew to womanhood, and one,
His eldest girl, was matchless in her mind
And in her form, till it had undergone
The withering process, which he feared to find
Was lurking, thief-like, all his hopes behind;
For many a month he watched her day by day
Decrease in strength, but rise in soul refined;
Until at last her spirit broke away,
Half shining, ere it passed, transparent through the clay.

And now he stood, a meek, mild, smitten man,
In holy things to minister for God;
With artless words he told the gracious plan,
How mercy used, and still would use the rod,
And lay the brightest flowers beneath the sod;
'And why, my friends, why is it thus,' he cried,
'Why should our heavenly Father bruise the clod?
Because He would our souls from sin divide,
As gold by fire alone from dross is purified.'

With tears, and sobs, and oft-repeated sighs,
Both young and old her early death bewailed;
While o'er his griefs the parson seem'd to rise,
As mightier faith within his breast prevailed,
And tore the curtains which her glory veiled.
'She lives,' he cried, 'in circling beauty bright;
The rock is firm!—Jehovah hath not failed,
Be ours the care, to have our garments white,
And rise, like her, to shine—with Jesus throned in light.'

The service o'er, the congregation gone,
Behind the rest the pastor linger'd still,
That simple tablet by himself to con,
Although it waked afresh each bitter thrill,
And shook his soul with fears of future ill:
Yet still he gazed, half shuddering at the sight,
Till, kneeling down, he cried, 'O God! thy will,
Not mine, be done—I know thy ways are right;
Forgive me if I mourn;—she was so pure and bright.'

The tale of "*The Lover's Haunted Well*" is beautifully told; and we hardly know a more touching scene than one to which the third canto introduces us in the melancholy history of Mary, the "*Village Belle*," who was brought to poverty, and at last to a premature and lingering death, by the dissipated habits of a drunken husband. The career of this man, who, from a sober and steady character, became at length through the love of drink, "a ragged meagre wretch," pawning the last blanket for gin, describes, we fear, unhappily, that of too many of our once industrious cottagers. We think it the most affecting story in the poem, even more so, if possible, than the clergyman's above, showing evidently how well the author

can enter into the feelings and characters of that class of human beings. The fourth and last canto closes with another touching tale of the return from the wars of the cottager's missing son, George, whom Kate, his betrothed, discovered lying exhausted under the Lover's Oak, being unable from fatigue and hunger to reach home.

In conclusion, we cannot refrain from stating generally, how delighted we have been with this little poem, and particularly with certain parts of it. If there be any one feature in it conspicuously faulty, we should say that it is a too great show of piety in the Cotter himself. This trait, though existing in his sphere of life to a more considerable extent than in many others, and natural and sincere withal, is yet, like all other things, subjected to certain limitations, beyond which it cannot be faithfully represented. We think Mr. Mullen has sometimes transgressed these limits. Notwithstanding this exuberance, however, the principles on which he has based this delightful poem, are the best possible: and the book itself is calculated to add largely and gratefully to our notions of the efficacy of humble virtue, piety, and contentment.

THE DOMESTIC DICTIONARY, AND HOUSEKEEPER'S MANUAL. BY GIBBONS MERLE.

THE main recommendatory feature of this diligently-compiled Dictionary, (five hundred pages) and, at the same time, its chief originality, consists in the variety of information which it contains as to French Cookery and Domestic Economy; or rather, Anglo-French Cookery, which, according to Ude, is the best system in the world. Frenchmen, we know, dress a dinner, and Frenchwomen, themselves, better than any other people; and France is the highest authority upon matters of the mouth and of dress; but, so beneficial has been the renewed intercourse of French and English of late years, that we have actually improved *their science of cookery*; this Ude himself admitted, and neither Carême nor any other French *artiste* can gainsay it; though we admit, that in Confectionery, the French still keep the lead. The author of this Dictionary has evidently long resided in Paris, and his information is as certainly gathered by experience; for there runs throughout this work a current of information, such as has long been wanted—we mean, on French Cookery adapted to English habits. Yet, he has no partiality on the subject; for he loses no opportunity to set the relative advantages of English and French cookery before the reader; and his introductory chapter upon the Comparative Expenses of Living at home and abroad, will be very serviceable to that large class of the expensive English, who cannot make both ends meet in their own country, and so go to reside on the continent for purposes of *economy*, which, by the way, is an excellent lure to extravagance. The whole of this chapter is excellent, and we believe the lesson it reads to be the true state of the case—that Paris is, by no means, the place for a man of small income to reside in, if his object be economy; and, that if he wish to play tricks with his fortune, (as Dr. Johnson phrases it,) he had better settle in London. But, the English flock to France—are fascinated with the change of customs, scenery, and general habits; and there is a certain *gaieté* and showiness about French society, which is just the bait for English persons of limited income, who too often aim at doing great things on a small scale at home. But, a man of easy income, we should say, may do greater things with his fortune in Paris than in London; for French party-giving is by no means so expensive as “having a few friends” in England. We are, doubtless, the richest people in the world; and, at the same time, the most costly, in our tastes and habits; our tables are

better appointed than those of our neighbours; we have massive plate of standard value, whereas they have silver of all finenesses, and of flagreed lightness. Upon the relative merits of French and English cookery, medical men do not generally agree; but in what do they not differ? Dr. Prout, however, maintains that viands well stewed and macerated, are in the fittest state for digestion, and he has a large class of followers; so that the English *underdone* school is a mistake; though instead of broths, convalescent invalids are now recommended to eat a mut-ton-chop. Turn to the food of the working classes in the two countries: an Englishman grumbles if he does not eat meat daily—a Frenchman is satisfied with meat on every alternate day, and many in the south dine from bread and grapes, or a pipkin of stewed vegetables; but the English operative is stronger than the French artisan; and we have been assured that in a large work at Nantes, some few years since, undertaken by an English capitalist, the engineers of our own country did twice the labour of the men of Nantes, and with twice the regard to neatness and substantiality.

We fear we shall be tempted to quote a few specimens of Mr. Merle's recipes; and though they be from the French, the reader must not, on that account, suppose the book to consist entirely of French methods, for it has all the recipes expected in an English cookery-book. The following mode of dressing a capon is from *Le Cuisinier de la Cour*.

“Having properly cleaned and trussed, cover it with slices of fat bacon and writing-paper, and roast before a clean fire; baste first with a little butter, and afterwards with its own gravy. It is usually sent to table surrounded in the dish by water-cresses, which have been some time previously seasoned with salt and vinegar. When stuffed with truffles, the truffles are first to be fried in butter, with salt, pepper, and nutmeg.” Cresses, by the way, are nice garnish; but parsley is in the taste of our grandmothers.

The *charcutier* in France is what the ham and beef shop is in England, but the style of carrying on business is very different: the *charcutier* has great variety, and a bachelor who breakfasts at home, may have four different preparations weighed for his half-pound, each with a small quantity of well-salted gelatine, to improve the relish; but, we must add, this said gelatine is often a most deceitful mask for a tough old fowl. The English term Saveloys is a corruption of the French *Cervelas*.

Chocolate is much more used in France than in this country. It is there made with milk, very thick and heavy for the stomach. Our Broma, or chocolate powder, mixed with a little arrow-root, and boiled with milk and water, is a wholesome breakfast; and this identical preparation has been puffed off by cartloads, (to use a new parliamentary phrase,) as *Pacahout des Arabes*—a piece of Algerian humbug; but in France every thing is associated with conquest—from the blood-red dresses of the revolutionary times to the last new *coiffure*.

Coffee-making is well detailed: our author considers the only secret in making coffee in France to be, having it roasted a very short time before it is used, making it very strong, and using with it a large quantity of milk, when taken for breakfast; the milk being boiled. He thinks too that coffee may be better made than by filtration or boiling: Napoleon's method is to put the coffee into a dry pot with a little isinglass, and hold it over the fire, shaking it to prevent burning; and when smoke rises from it, take off the pot and gently pour in boiling water, which will at once bring out all the fine properties of the coffee without carrying off the aroma; a cup is then poured out, and returned to the pot, and in two or three

minutes the coffee will be clear for use: "some of the best families in Paris now adopt this plan, which is certainly superior to any other in use." A French physician recommends coffee made by cold infusion, to stand a day and then to be filtered; and two table-spoonfuls of this coffee poured into a breakfast-cup of hot milk make an excellent beverage. Every family should roast as well as grind their own coffee, both which are done at home in France; and if otherwise, you cannot expect to rival French coffee. The villainous adulteration of coffee with *chicorée* is properly exposed; for some of the London-made stuff should be called *chicorée* dashed with coffee, so strongly does the herb predominate: burnt beans, corn, and bread-rasings are another fictitious coffee. These are important items, seeing that coffee, from the reduction of duty in the Peel tariff, is likely to be more drunk than hitherto: of late years, the consumption has declined.

Creozote is noticed as a preventive of sea-sickness; but it should have been added that all such panaceas are dangerous if used frequently. Poor Monk Lewis killed himself by this means. Under Dinner—Mode of serving, the French ladies are recommended to leave the gentlemen in the dining-room for about a quarter of an hour, that they may talk politics, agriculture, sporting, commerce, and the like masculine topics, instead of annoying the ladies with such conversation. In England, however, politics are rarely discussed at all at good tables. Many of our families have altogether adopted the French habit of withdrawing from the dinner-table with the ladies; but, we think, with Lady Blessington, that the fair ones in the drawing-room are not a whit less pleased with the gentlemen for having a few minutes to themselves. Here we see the beneficial effect of the admixture of French and English customs.

Eau Sucrée, (a few lumps of sugar, a little orange-flower water, and plain water,) is the usual beverage at French evening parties. It is also prescribed by the faculty, and is, the reader is assured, a much more efficient remedy than he may imagine—indeed, a sort of homeopathic prescription.

In scolloping oysters, we are told to use parsley or thyme; this is heresy, to which we cannot subscribe; nutmeg is omitted. Neither can we agree that salmon is improved by keeping; all white fish may be. Carême directs a boiled turbot to be garnished with a large boiled lobster, (as we see laid across, at the fishmongers') and this lobster to be garnished with smelts, fastened with silver skewers.

Ortolans are scarce and dear: they should be covered with bacon, and roasted, as, indeed, the French cover nearly all poultry and game. They likewise dress a pheasant with two woodcocks, entrails, livers, and all—as stuffing—a pretty expensive affair—though "this dish is worthy of being set before angels." Punning apart, it will materially add to the length of the bill.

Ginger Beer is said to have been invented by Mr. Pitt, a surgeon, at Lewes. French ginger-bread is made with rye-flour and honey, and insipid stuff it is: Jeremy Bentham breakfasted for many years on English ginger-bread. The Galette is the favourite pastry of France; it is a heavy paste cake:—

"The extent to which the common people in France indulge in *Galette*, may be judged of from the fact, that a man who kept a shop for the sale of it near the Porte St. Martin theatre, in Paris, and who had a *renommée* over his contemporaries in the same locality, sold the good-will of his shop, a place about four feet square, for more than £2000 sterling. The twelfth-cakes in France are merely *galette* marked in slices. A bean is placed in one of them, and the person to whose share this falls, is chosen king for the evening, and is expected

to do all the honours, and after having chosen his queen, to make a present of champagne, or some other luxury, to the party."

We opine he had rather his luck had not been. The article *Restaurant* fully describes the economy of that establishment, with a lengthy *carte*, &c. But we must have done; though it should be mentioned that the *Domestic Dictionary* is added, a Dictionary of Family Medicine, by Dr. Reitch.

HEADS AND TALES.

A WIG RIOT.

In the year 1764, when wigs went out of fashion, the wig-makers of London were thrown out of work, and reduced to distress. They then petitioned George III. to compel gentlemen to wear wigs by law, for the benefit of their trade. As the wig-makers went in procession to St. James's to present their petition, it was noticed that most of those persons, who wanted to compel other people to wear wigs, wore no wigs themselves; and this striking the London mob as very inconsistent, they seized the petitioners and cut off all their hair *par force*. Upon this, Horace Walpole observed: "Should one wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate, that since the peace their trade decays, and that there is no demand for wooden legs?"

SCHOOLS FOR PARLIAMENT.

In the first meetings of a society, at a public school, two or three evenings were consumed in debating whether the floor should be covered with a sail-cloth or carpet; and better practice was gained in these important discussions than in those that soon followed, on liberty, slavery, passive obedience, and tyrannicide. It has been truly said that nothing is so unlike a battle as a review.—*Sharp*.

ORDER IN BOOKS.

A Quaker, by name Benjamin Lay, (who was a little cracked in the head, though sound at heart), took one of his compositions once to Benjamin Franklin, that it might be printed and published. Franklin, having looked over the manuscript, observed that it was deficient in arrangement: It is no matter, replied the author, print any part thou pleaseth first. Many are the speeches, and the sermons, and the treatises, and the poems, and the volumes, which are like Benjamin Lay's book: the head might serve for the tail, and the tail for the body, and the body for the head; either end for the middle, and the middle for either end; nay, if you could turn them inside out, like a polypus, or a glove, they would be no worse for the operation.—*The Doctor*.

BURNING CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

A large party are invited to dinner; a great display is to be made; and about an hour before dinner, there is an alarm that the kitchen-chimney is on fire! It is impossible to put off the distinguished personages who are expected. It gets very late for the soup and fish; the cook is frantic; all eyes are turned upon the sable consolation of the master chimney-sweeper, and up into the midst of the burning chimney is sent one of the miserable little infants of the brush! There is a positive prohibition of this practice, and an enactment of penalties, in one of the acts of parliament which respect chimney-sweepers. But what matter acts of parliament, when the pleasures of genteel people are concerned? Or what is a toasted child compared to agonies of a mistress of the house, with a deranged dinner?—*Sydney Smith*.

IMMENSE TRIFLING.

Dr. Shaw, the naturalist, was one day showing to a friend two volumes written by a Dutchman, upon the wings of a butterfly, in the British Museum. "The dissertation is rather voluminous, sir, perhaps you will think," said the Doctor, gravely, "but it is immensely important."

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